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The Dying Soldier.

The sunset clouds, that brightly blending, throw
A deep'ning glory, o'er the world below.
Have with their radiance caught th' uplifted
Of the lone soldier in death's agony.
The evening breeze, that ver the drooping bowers
Sends its glad music, as in happier hours,
Lifts the dark locks from off his pallid brow,
And fans the fever that is raging now.
"Not yet," he murmurs, "now I would not die,
To leave this joyous world, and yonder brilliant sky,
And all the thousand ills of earth that bind
My heart to life. Oh, I had hoped to find
A wreath of glory, an undying name,
A proud remembrance in the lists of fame;
And more than this, I've fondly hoped to see
My native land—the home of liberty—
A sacred spot, freed from oppression's gloom,
A hallowed home, where science might illumine
The kindling heart, and early point the way
To wisdom's path, beneath her glorious sway.
But now to die—to leave this blessed home
In life's gay morn, e'er yet one pleasure's flown
From my bright path, while all the world is new,
E'er hope or love hath lost one rosy bue.
From these, all these, now must my spirit part?
Vain, vain the warmth of my clinging heart—
Father of Light, forgive thy erring son!
And teach me now to say, "thy will be done."
Life's ebbing sands are run, the spirit's warfare's o'er,
The wounded soldier sinks to rise no more.

C. D.

From the Southern Recorder.

The Character of a Native Georgian.

There are some yet living, who knew the man whose character I am about to delineate; and these will unanimously bear testimony, that if it be not faithfully drawn, it is not overdrawn. They cannot avouch for the truth of the anecdotes which I am about to relate of him—because of these they know nothing; but they will unhesitatingly declare, that there is nothing herein ascribed to him, of which he was incapable, and of which he would not readily have been the author, supposing the scenes in which I have placed him, to be real; and the thoughts and actions attributed to him, to have actually suggested themselves to him. They will further testify that the thoughts and actions are in perfect harmony with his general character.

I do not feel at liberty as yet to give the name of the person in question, and therefore he shall be designated for the present, by the appellation of Ned Brace.

This man seemed to live only to amuse himself with his fellow beings, and he possessed the rare faculty of deriving some gratification of his favorite propensity, from almost every

incident of human life, whether gay or solemn; and from almost every person with whom he met, no matter what his temper standing or disposition; of course he had opportunities enough of exercising his uncommon gift, and he rarely suffered an opportunity to pass unimproved. The beau in the presence of his mistress, the fop, the pedant, the purse-proud, the over fastidious and sensitive, were Ned's favorite game. These never passed him uninjured, and against such he directed his severest shafts. With the rest of the human family he dealt more tenderly, but not less humorously. With these he commonly amused himself, by exciting in them every variety of emotion, under circumstances peculiarly ridiculous. He was admirably fitted to his vocation. He could assume any character which his humor required him to personate, and he could sustain it to perfection. His knowledge of the character of others, seemed to be intuitive.

It may seem remarkable, but it is true, that though he lived his own peculiar life for about sixteen years, after he reached the age of manhood, he never involved himself in a personal rencontre with any one. This was owing in part to his gigantic stature, which few would be willing to engage; but more particularly to his adroitness in the management of his projects of fun. He generally conducted them in such a way as to render it impossible for any one to call him to account without violating all the rules of decency, politeness, honor and chivalry at once. But a few anecdotes of him, will give the reader a much better idea of his character, than he can possibly derive from a general description. If these fulfil the description which I have given of my hero, all will agree that he is no imaginary being—if they do not, it will only be because I am unfortunate in my selection. Having known him from his infancy to his grave—for he was a native Georgian—I confess that I am greatly perplexed in determining what portion of his singular history to lay before the reader as a proper specimen of the whole. A three day's visit which I once made with him to Savannah, placed him in a greater variety of scenes, and among a greater diversity of characters, than perhaps any other period of his life embracing no longer time, and therefore I will choose this for my purpose.

We reached Savannah just at night-fall, of a cold December's evening. As we approached the tavern of Mr. Blank, at which we designed to stop, Ned proposed to me that we should close our acquaintance until he should choose to renew it. To this proposition I most cordially assented; for I knew that by so doing I should be saved some mortification, and avoid 4 thousand questions which I would

not know how to answer. According to this understanding, Ned lingered behind, in order that I might reach the tavern alone. On alighting at the public-house, I was led into a large dining-room, at the entrance of which, to the right-hand, stood the bar, opening into the dining-room. On the left and rather nearer to the centre of the room, was a fire place surrounded by gentlemen. Upon entering the room my name was demanded at the bar: it was given, and I took my seat in the circle around the fire. I had been seated just long enough for the company to survey me to their satisfaction and resume their conversation, when Ned's heavy footstep at the door, turned the eyes of the company to the approaching stranger.

"Your name sir, if you please?" said the restless little bar-keeper, as he entered.

Ned started at the question with apparent alarm—cast a fearful glance at the company—frowned and shook his head in token of caution to the bar-keeper—looked confused for a moment—then as if suddenly recollecting himself—jerked a piece of paper out of his pocket—turned from the company—wrote on it with his pencil—handed it slyly to the bar-keeper—walked to the left of the fire-place, and took the most conspicuous seat in the circle. He looked at no one, spoke to no one; but fixing his eyes upon the fire, lapsed into a profound study.

The conversation, which had been pretty general before, stopt as short as if every man in the room had been shot dead. Every eye was fixed on Ned, and every variety of expression was to be seen on the countenances of the persons present. The landlord came in—the bar-keeper whispered to him and looked at Ned. The landlord looked at him too with some astonishment and alarm. The bar-keeper produced a piece of paper, and both of them examined it, as if searching for a fig-mite with the naked eye—rose from the examination unsatisfied and looked at Ned again. Those of the company who recovered first from their astonishment, tried to revive the conversation, but the effort was awkward, met with no support, and failed. The bar-keeper, for the first time in his life, became dignified and solemn, and left the bar to take care of itself. The landlord had a world of foolish questions to ask the gentleman directly opposite to Ned, for which purpose he passed round to them every two minutes and the answers to none of which did he hear.

Three or four boarders coming in who were unapprised of what had happened, at length revived the conversation; not however until they had created some confusion, by enquiring of their friends the cause of their sober looks. As soon as the conversation began to become easy and natural, Ned rose and walked out into the entry. With his first movement, all were as hush as death; but when he had cleared the door, another Babel scene ensued. Some enquired, others suspected, and all wondered. Some were engaged in telling the strangers what had happened, others were making towards the bar, and all were becoming clamorous, when Ned returned and took his seat. His return was as fatal to the con-

versation, as was the first movement of his exit, but it soon recovered from the shock—with this difference, however, that those who led before were now mute, and wholly absorbed in the contemplation of Ned's person.

After retaining his seat for about ten minutes, Ned rose again, enquired the way to the stable and left the house. As soon as he passed the outer door, the bar-keeper hastened to the company with Ned's paper in his hand, "Gentlemen," said he, "can any of you tell me what name this is?" All rushed to the paper in an instant, and one or two pair of heads met over it with considerable force. After pondering over it to their heart's content, they all agreed that the first letter was an E and the second an S or an R, and that the d— himself could not make out the balance. While they were thus engaged, to the astonishment of every body, Ned interrupted their deliberations, with "gentlemen, if you have satisfied yourselves with that paper, I'll thank you for it." It is easy to imagine, but impossible to describe, the looks and actions of the company under their surprise and mortification. They dropt off and left the bar-keeper to his appropriate duty of handing the paper to Ned. He reached it forth, but Ned moved not a hand to receive it, for about the space of three seconds, during which time, he kept his eyes fixed upon the arch offender in an awfully solemn rebuke. He then took it gravely and put it in his pocket, and left the bar-keeper with a shaking ague upon him. From this moment he became Ned's most obsequious and willing slave.

Supper was now announced; Mrs. Blank, the landlady, took the head of the table, and Ned seated himself next to her, her looks denoted some alarm at finding him so near to her, and plainly showed that he had been fully described to her by her husband, or some one else.

"Will you take tea or coffee, sir?" said she.

"Why madam," said Ned, in a tone as courteous as Chesterfield himself could have used, "I am really ashamed to acknowledge and to expose my very singular taste; but habitual indulgence of it, has made it necessary to my comfort if not to my health, that I should still favor it where I can. If you will pardon me I will take both at the same time."

This respectful reply, (which by the way, she alone was permitted to hear) had its natural effect. It won for him her unqualified indulgence, raised doubts whether he could be the suspicious character which had been described to her, and begat in her a desire to cultivate a further acquaintance with him.—She handed to him two cups and accompanied them with some remarks drawn from her own observation in the line of her business, calculated to reconcile him to his whimsical appetite, but she could extract from Ned nothing but monosyllables and sometimes not even that much. Consequently the good lady began very soon to relapse into her former feelings.

Ned placed a cup on either side of him, and commenced stirring both at the same time very deliberately. This done, he sipped a little tea, and asked Mrs. B. for a drop more

milk in it. Then he tasted his coffee, and desired a little more sugar in it. Then he tasted his tea again, and requested a small lump more sugar in it—Lastly he tasted his coffee and desired a few drops more milk in that. It was easy to discover that before he got suited the landlady had solemnly resolved never to offer any more encouragements to such an appetite. She waxed exceedingly petulant, and having nothing else to scold, she scolded the servants of course.

Waffles were handed to Ned, and he took one; batter-cakes were handed and he took one; and so on of muffins, rolls and corn-bread. Having laid in these provisions he turned into his plate upon his waffle and batter-cake, some of the crum of the several kinds of bread which he had taken in different proportions, and commenced mashing all together with his knife. During this operation the landlady frowned and pouted, the servants giggled, and the boarders were variously affected.

Having reduced his mess to the consistency of a hard poultice he packed it all up to one side of his plate in the form of a tarapin, and smoothed it all over nicely with his knife.—Nearly opposite to Ned but a little below him, sat a waspish little gentleman, who had been watching him with increasing torments from the first to the last movement of Ned's knife. His tortures were visible to blinder eyes than Ned's, and doubtless had been seen by him in their earliest paroxysms. This gentleman occupied a seat nearest to a dish of steak, and was in the act of muttering something about "brutes" to his next neighbor, when Ned beckoned a servant to him and requested him "to ask that gentleman for a small bit of steak." The servant obeyed, and planting Ned's plate directly between the gentleman's and the steak-dish delivered his message.—The testy gentleman turned his head, and the first thing he saw was Ned's party-colored tarapin, right under his nose. He started as if he had been struck by a snapping turtle—reddened to scarlet—looked at Ned (who appeared as innocent as a lamb)—Looked at the servant, who appeared as innocent as Ned, and then fell to work on the steak as if he were amputating all Ned's limbs at once.

Ned now commenced his repast. He ate his meat and *breads* in the usual way; but he drank his liquids in all ways. First a sip of tea; then of coffee, then two of the first, and one of the last; then three of the last and one of the first and so on. His steak was soon consumed, and his plate was a second time returned to the mettlesome gentleman "for another very small bit of steak." The plate paid its second visit precisely as it had its first; and as soon as the fiery gentleman saw the half demolished tarapin again under his nose; he seized a fork drove it into the largest slice of steak in the dish, dashed it into Ned's plate, rose from the table and left the room cursing Ned from the very inmost chamber of his soul. Every person at the table except Ned laughed outright at the little man's fury; but Ned did not even smile—nay, he looked for all the world as if he thought the laugh was at him.

The boarders one after another retired, un-

til Ned and the landlady were left alone at the table.

"Will you have another cup of tea and coffee sir?" said she, by way of convincing him that he ought to retire, seeing he had finished his supper.

"No I thank you madam" returned Ned, "will you have a glass of milk and a cup of tea or coffee; or all three together?"

"No ma'am," said Ned—"I am not blind madam," continued he, "to the effects which my unfortunate eccentricities have produced upon yourself and your company; nor have I witnessed them without those feelings which they are well calculated to inspire in a man of ordinary sensibilities. I am aware too, that I am prolonging and aggravating your uneasiness, by detaining you beyond the hour which demands your presence at the table; but I could not permit you to retire, without again bespeaking your indulgence of the strange, unnatural appetite, which has just caused you so much astonishment and mortification. The story of its beginning might be interesting, and certainly would be instructing to you; if you are a mother; but I am indisposed at this time to obtrude it upon your patience, and I presume you are still less disposed to hear it. My principal object however, in claiming your attention for a moment at this time, was to assure you, that out of respect to your feelings, I will surrender the enjoyment of my meals for the few days that I have to remain in Savannah, and conform to the customs of your table. The sudden change of my habits will expose me to some inconvenience, and may perhaps effect my health; but I willingly incur these hazards, rather than to renew your mortification, or to impose upon your family the trouble of giving me my meals at my room. The good lady, whose bitter feelings had given place to the kinder emotions of pity and benevolence, before Ned had half concluded his apology, caught at this last hint, and insisted upon sending his meals to his room. Ned reluctantly consented, after extorting a pledge from her, that she would assume the responsibilities of the trouble that he was about to give the family.

"As to your boarders, madam," said Ned, in conclusion, "I have no apology to make to them. I grant them the privilege of eating what they please, and as they please; and so far as they are concerned, I shall exercise the same privilege regardless of their feelings or opinions, and I shall take it as a singular favor if you will say nothing to them, or to any one else, which may lead them to the discovery that I am acquainted with my own peculiarities." The good lady promised that she would not, and Ned requesting to be conducted to the room, retired.

A group of gentlemen at the fire place had sent many significant "hems" and smiles to Mrs. Blank, during her *table à tête*, with Ned; and as she approached them on her way out of the room, they began to taunt her playfully upon the impression which she seemed to have made upon the remarkable stranger.—"Really," said one, "I thought the impression was on the other side." "And in truth, so it

was," said Mrs. B. "At this moment her husband stepped in. "I'll tell you what it is Mr. Blank," said one of the company, "you'd better keep a sharp look out on that stranger; our land-lady is wonderfully taken with him." "I'll be bound," said Mr. B. "for my wife; the less like any body else in the world he is, the better will my wife like him."

"Well, I assure you," said Mrs. B., "I never had my feelings so deeply interested in a stranger in my life. I'd give the world to know his history."

"Why then?" rejoined the land-lord; "I suppose he has been quizzing us all this time."

"No," said she, "he is incapable of quizzing. All that you have seen of him is unaffected and perfectly natural to him."

"Then really," continued the husband, "he is a very interesting object, and I congratulate you upon getting so early into his confidence; but as I am not quite as much captivated with his 'unaffected' graces as you seem to be, I shall take the liberty, in charity to the rest of my boarders, of requesting him to-morrow, to seek other lodgings."

"Oh," exclaimed Mrs. B. in the goodness of her heart, and with a countenance evincive of the deepest feeling, "I would not have you do such a thing for the world. He's only going to stay a few days."

"How do you know?"

"He told me so: and do let's bear with him that short time. He sha'n't trouble you or the boarders any more."

"Why, Sarah," said the landlord, "I do believe you are taking leave of your senses."

"Gone case," said one boarder; "terrible affair," said another; "bewitching little fellow," said a third."

"Come, Mrs. Blank, tell us all he said to you. We young men wish to know how to please the ladies, so that we may get wives easily. I'm determined the next party I go to, to make a soup of every thing on the waiters, and eat all at once. I shall then become irresistible to the ladies."

"Get along with your nonsense," said Mrs. B., smiling as she left the room.

At 8 o'clock, I retired to my room, which happened, (probably from the circumstance of our reaching the hotel within a few minutes of each other,) to be adjoining Ned's. I had no sooner entered my room, than Ned followed me, where we interchanged the particulars which make up the foregoing story. He now exploded freely the laughter which he had been collecting during the evening. He stated that his last interview with Mrs. Blank, was the result of necessity—that he had committed himself in making up and disposing of his odd supper, for that he should have to eat in the same way during his whole stay in Yannah, unless he could manage to get his meals in private; and that though he was willing to do penance for one meal, in order to purchase the amusement which he had enjoyed, he had no idea of tormenting himself 2 or 3 days for the same purpose. To tell you the honest truth, nothing but an appetite whetted by fasting and travelling, could have borne me through the table scene. As it was, my stomach several times threatened to expose

my tricks to the whole company by downright and open rebellion. I feel therefore, that I must make it some atonement for the liberty I have taken with it, and I propose that we now go and get an oyster supper. I assented, and we set out, going separately until we reached the street. Lest we should meet some of the inmates of our hotel at the oyster-house, we entered it separately, but this precaution proved to be unnecessary, and we determined to sup together.

We were received by the oyster-vender in a small shop which fronted upon the street, conducted through it to a back door, and thence by a flight of steps to a convenient room on the second floor of an adjoining building. We had been seated about three minutes, when we heard footsteps on the stairs, and distinctly caught this sentence from the ascending stranger. "Aba, Monsieur Middilong, you say you hab de bes oystair in de citez? Well me shall soon see." The sentence was hardly uttered before the door opened, and in stepped a gay, amorous little Frenchman. He made us a very low bow, and as soon as he rose from his obeisance, Ned rushed to him in transports of joy, seized him by the hand, and shaking it with friendship's warmest grasp, exclaimed. "How do you do, my old friend—I had no idea of meeting you here—how do you do Mr. Squeezefander—how have you been this long time?" "Sair," said the Frenchman, "me tank you ver' much to lob me so hard, but you mistake the gentleman, my name is not de Squeezefanter." "Come, come, John," continued Ned, "quit your old tricks before strangers. Mr. Hall, let me introduce you to my particular friend John Squeezefanter, from Paris."

"Perhaps, sir," said I, not knowing well what to say or how to act, in such an emergency, "perhaps you have mistaken the gentleman."

"Begar, sair," said Monsieur, "he is mis-take ab'ry ting at once. My name is not Zhaun, me play no tricks, me did not come from Paree, but from Bordeaux—me is not de gentleman Fren', and me duh not suppose dare vas one man in all France dat vos name de Squeezifauntr." "If I am mistaken sir," said Ned, "I humbly ask your pardon—but you look so much like my old friend Jack, and talk so much like him, that I would have sworn you were he."

"Vell sair," said Monsieur, looking at Ned as though he might be an acquaintance after all—"Vell sair, dis time you tell me your name right—my name is Jacques"—Jacques San-crie.

"There," proceeded Ned, "I knew it was impossible I could be mistaken—your whole family settled on Sandy Creek—I know your father and mother, your sisters Patsy and Dilsey, your brother Ichabod, your aunt Bridget, your ——" "Oh, mon dieu, mon dieu!" exclaimed the Frenchman, no longer able to contain his surprise, "dat is von 'Merican family. Dars vos not one French

* This name in French, is pronounced very nearly like Jack, in English.

families hab all dat name since the wold vas make."

"Now look at me good Jack," said Ned, "and see if you don't recollect your old friend Obidian Snoddleburg who used to play with you when a boy, in Sandy Creek."

"Well Monsieur Snotborg, me look at you ver' well, and begar me neber see you in de creek, nor out de creek—'tis ver' surprise you do not know one name from one creek."

"Oh, very well sir, very well, I forgot where I was; I understand you now perfectly, you are not the first gentleman I have met with in Savannah, who knew me well in the country, and forgot me in town. I ask your pardon, sir, and hope you'll excuse me."

"Me is ver' will to know you now, sair, but begar me will not tell one lie to know twenty-five and thirty year ago."

"It makes no difference sir," said Ned, looking thoughtfully and chagrined. I beg leave, however, before we close our acquaintance, to correct one mistake which I made—I said you were from Paris—I believe, on reflection, I was wrong—I think your sister Dilys told me you were from Bordeaux."

"Foutre, de sist' Dilys—Here, Monsieur Middletong—my oy stair ready?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, if my oy stair ready, you giv dem to my fren Monsieur Snotborg, and ask him to be so good as to carry dem to my sist' Dilys and my broder Iebod on Sand' Creek"—so saying, he vanished like lightning.

The next morning at breakfast, I occupied Ned's seat. Mrs. Blank had no sooner taken her place, than she ordered a servant to bring her a waiter; upon which she placed a cup of tea, and another of coffee; then ordering three plates, she placed them on it, sent one servant for one kind of bread, another for another, and so on through all the varieties that were on the table, from which she made selections for plate No. 1. In the same way did she collect meats for plate No. 2—No. 3, she left blank. She had nearly completed her operations, when her husband came to know why every servant was engaged, and no gentleman helped to any thing, when the oddly furnished waiter met his eye and fully explained the wonder.

"In God's name, Sarah," said he, "who are you mixing up those messes for?"

"For that strange gentleman we were speaking of last night," was the reply.

"Why doesn't he come to the table?"

"He was very anxious to come but I would not let him."

"You would not let him? Why not?"

"Because I did not wish to see a man of his delicate sensibility ridiculed and insulted at my table."

"Delicate devilabilities—then why did n't you send a servant to collect his mixtures?"

"Because I preferred doing it myself to troubling the boarders. I knew that whenever his plates went, the gentlemen would be making merry over them, and I wouldn't bear to see it."

The landlord looked at her for a moment with comigid astonishment, doubt and alarm,

and then upon the breath of a deep drawn sigh, proceeded—

"Well, d—n* the man—he hasn't been in the house more than two hours, except when he was asleep, and he has insulted one half of my boarders, made fools of the other half, turned the head of my bar-keeper, crazed all my servants, and turned my wife right stark, staring, raving mad—a man who is a perfect clown in his manners, who can't write his own name, and who, I have no doubt, will, in the end, prove to be a horse-thief."

Much occurred between the landlord and his lady in relation to Ned, which we must of necessity, omit. Suffice it to say, that her assiduities to Ned, her unexampled sympathies for him, her often repeated desires to become better acquainted with him, conspiring with one or two short interviews which her husband observed between her and Ned, and which consisted of nothing more than expressions of regret on his part, at the trouble he was giving the family, and assurances on hers, that it was no trouble at all; all these began to bring upon the landlord, the husband's worst calamity, which she soon observed—and considering her duty to her husband as of paramount obligation to her promise to Ned, she gave him an explanation that was entirely satisfactory—she told him that Ned was a man of refined feelings and highly cultivated mind, but that in his infancy, his mother had forced him to eat different kinds of diet together, until she had produced him a vitiated and unconquerable appetite; which he was now constrained to indulge, as the drunkard does his, or be miserable. As the good man was now prepared to believe any thing of a woman, this story seemed perfectly natural, and reconciled him to all that had passed.

This being the Sabbath, at the usual hour, Ned went to Church and selected for his morning's service, one of those Churches in which the pews are free, and in which the hymn is given out, a half verse at a time, and sung by the Congregation.

Ned entered the Church in as fast a walk as he could possibly assume—proceeded about half way down the aisle, and popt himself down in his seat, as quick as if he had been shot. The more thoughtless of the congregation began to titter, and the graver peeped up slyly, but solemnly, at him.

The Pastor rose, and before giving out the hymn, observed, that singing was a part of the service in which he thought the whole congregation ought to join. Thus saying, he gave out the first lines of the hymn. As soon as the tune was raised, Ned struck in with one of the loudest, hoarsest, most discordant voices that ever annoyed a solemn assembly.

"I would observe," said the preacher, before giving out the next two lines, "that there are some persons who have not the gift of singing, such of course are not expected to sing." Ned took the hint, and sang no

* I should certainly omit such expressions as this, could I do so with historic fidelity; but the peculiarities of the times of which I am writing, cannot be faithfully represented without them. In recording things as they are, truth requires me sometimes to put profane language in the mouths of my characters.

more; but his entrance into the Church and his entrance into the hymn, had already dispersed the solemnity of three fifths of the congregation.

As soon as the Pastor commenced his sermon, Ned opened his eyes, threw back his head, drop his under jaw, and surrendered himself to the most intense interest. The preacher was an indifferent one, and by as much as he was dull and insipid, by so much did Ned become absorbed in the discourse.—And yet it was impossible for the nicest observer to detect any thing in his looks or manner, short of the most solemn devotion.—The effect which his conduct had upon the congregation, and the after conversation, must be left to the imagination of the reader. I give but one remark—“Bless that good man who came in the Church so quick,” said a venerable matron—“how he was affected by the sermon.”

Ned went to Church no more on that day. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, while he was standing at the tavern door, a funeral procession passed by, at the foot of which, and singly, walked one of the smallest men I ever saw.—As soon as he came opposite the door, Ned stepped out and joined him with great solemnity. The contrast between the two was ludicrously striking, and the little man's looks and uneasiness, plainly showed that he felt it. However he soon became reconciled to it. They proceeded but a little way before Ned enquired of his companion, who was dead?

“Mr. Noah Bills,” said the little man. “Nau?” said Ned, raising his hand to his ear in token of deafness, and bending his head to the speaker.

“Mr. Noah Bills,” repeated the little man, loud enough to disturb the two couple immediately before him.

“Mrs. Noel's Bill!” said Ned, with mortification and astonishment. “Do the white people pay such respect to niggers in Savannah? I sha'n't do it”—so saying he left the procession.

The little man was at first considerably nettled; but upon being left to his own reflections, he got into an uncontrollable fit of laughter as did the couple immediately in advance of him, who overheard Ned's remark. The procession now exhibited a most mortifying spectacle—the head of it in mourning and tears, and the foot of it convulsed with laughter.

On Monday, Ned employed himself in disposing of the business which brought him to Savannah, and I saw but little of him, but I could not step into the street without hearing of him. All talked about him and hardly any two agreed about his character.

On Tuesday he visited the market, and set it all in astonishment or laughter—he wanted to buy something of every body, and some of every thing, but could not agree upon the terms of a trade, because he always wanted his articles in such portions and numbers, as no one would sell, or upon such conditions as no one would subscribe to. To give a single example—He beset an old negro woman to sell him the half of a living chicken.

“Do my good mauma, sell it to me,” said

he, “my wife is very sick, and is longing for a chicken-pie, and this is all the money I have,” (holding out twelve and a half cents in silver,) “and its just what a half chicken comes to, at your own price.”

“Ki, mausa! How gwinne cut live chicken in two?”

“I don't want you to cut it in two alive—kill it, clean it, and then divide it.”

“Name o' God! what sort o' chance got to clean chicken in de market-house—whay de water for scall' um, an' wash um?”

“Don't scald it at all, just pick it so.”

“Ech-ech? Fedder fly all ober the buckermans meet, he come bang me fo' true—No, massy, I mighty sorry for your wife, but I no cutty chicken open.”

In the afternoon, Ned entered the dining room of the tavern, and who should he find there but Monsieur Sancie, of oyster-house memory. He and the tavern keeper were alone. With the first glimpse of Ned, “Le-diable,” exclaimed the Frenchman “here my brother Icboi again!” and away he went.—“Mr. Sancie,” said the landlord, halloing after him, as if to tell him something just thought of, and following him out, “What did you say that man's name is?”

“He name Monsieur Snotborg?”

“Why, that can't be his name! Where is he from?”

“From Sand' Creek.”

“Where did you know him?”

“Begar me never know him.” Here Ned sauntered in sight of the Frenchman, and he moved on.

“Well,” said the landlord, as he returned, “it does seem to me, that every body who has any thing to do with that man, runs crazy forthwith.”

When he entered the dining room, he found Ned deeply engaged reading a child's primer, with which he seemed wonderfully delighted. The landlord sat for a moment, smiled, and then hastily left the room. As soon as he disappeared, Ned, laid down his book and took his station behind some cloaks in the bar which at that moment was deserted. He had just reached his place, when the landlord returned with his lady.

“Oh,” said the first, “he's gone. I brought you in to show you what kind of books your man 'o refined feelings and highly cultivated mind 'delights in—Oh he's left his book and here it is, opened at the place where he left off—and do let's see what's in it?”—They examined and found he had been reading the interesting poem of ‘Little Jack Herne.’ “Now,” continued the landlord, “if you'll believe me, he was just as much delighted with that story as you or I would be with the best written No. of the Spectator.” “Well, its very strange,” said Mrs. Blank—“I reckon he must be flighty, for no man could have made a more gentlemanly apology than he did to me, for his peculiarities, and no one could have urged it more feelingly.”—“One thing is very certain,” said the husband “if he be not flighty himself, he has a wonderful knack of making every body else so. Sancie ran away from him just now, as if he had seen the devil—called him by one name as he

left the room, by another at the door, told me where he came from, and finally swore he did not know him at all."

Ned having slipped softly from the bar into the entry, during this interview, entered the dining-room, as if from the street. "I am happy," said he, smiling, "to meet you together and alone, upon the eve of my departure from Savannah, that I may explain to you my singular conduct, and ask your forgiveness of it. I will do so, if you will both be kind enough to promise me that you will not expose my true character, until I shall have left the city."—This they promised—"My name then," continued he, "is Edward Brace, of Richmond county—humor has been my besetting sin from my youth up—it has sunk me far below the station to which my native gifts would have enabled me to aspire with success—it has robbed me of the respect of all my acquaintances, and what is much more to be regretted, the esteem of some of my best and most indulgent friends. All this I have long known, and I have a thousand times deplored, and as often resolved to conquer my self destroying propensity—but so deeply is it wrought into my very nature—so completely and indissolubly interwoven is it, with every fibre and filament of my being, that I have found it impossible for me to subdue it. Being on my first visit to Savannah, unknowing and unknown, I could not forego the opportunity which it furnished, of gratifying my ungovernable proclivity. All the extravagancies which you have seen, have been in subervience to it." He then explained the cause of his troubling the kind lady before him, to give him his meals at his room, and the strange conduct of Monsieur Sancie, at which they both laughed heartily. He referred them to me for confirmation of what he had told them. Having gone thus far, continued he, "I must sustain my character until to-morrow, when I shall leave Savannah."

Having now two more to enjoy his humor with him and myself, he let himself loose that night among the boarders, with all his strength; and never did I see two mortals laugh, as did Mr. and Mrs. Blank.

Far as I have extended this sketch, I cannot close it, without exhibiting Ned in one new scene, in which accident placed him before he left Savannah.

About 2 o'clock on the morning of our departure, the town was alarmed by the cry of fire. Ned got up before me, and taking one of my boots from the door and putting one of his in its place, he marched down to the front door with odd boots. On coming out and finding what had been done, I knew that Ned could not have left the house, for it was impossible for him to wear my boot. I was about descending the stairs, when he called to me from the front door, and said the servant had mixed our boots, and that he had brought down one of mine. When I reached the front door, I found Ned and Mr. and Mrs. Blank there, all the inmates of the house having left it, who designed to leave it, but Ned and myself. "Dont go and leave me Hall," said he, "holding my boot in his hand, and having his own on his leg." "How can I leave you?"

said I, "unless you'll give me my boot?"—This he did not seem to hear. "Do run gentlemen said Mrs. Blank, greatly alarmed—Mr. Brace, you've got Mr. Hall's boot give it to him." "In a minute madam," said he, seeming to be beside himself. A second after, however, all was explained to me. He designed to have my company to the fire, and his own fun before he went.

A man came posting along in great alarm, and crying "fire," loudly. "Mister, Mister," said Ned, jumping out of the house.

"Sir," said the man, stopping and puffing awfully, "Have you seen Peleg Q. C. Stone, along where you've been?" enquired Ned, with anxious solicitude.

"D— Peleg Q. C. Stone," said the stranger, "What chance have I of seeing any body, hopping up at 2 o'clock in the morning, and the town a fire?" and on he went.

Thus did he amuse himself with various questions and remarks, to four or five passengers, until even Mrs. Blank forgot for a while, that the town was on fire. The last object of his sport, was a woman, who came along exclaiming, "Oh, it's Mr. Dalby's house—I'm sure it is Mr. Dalby's house." Two gentlemen assured her that the fire was far beyond Mr. Dalby's house: but still she went on with her exclamations. When she had passed the door about ten steps, Ned permitted me to cover my frozen foot with my boot, and we moved on towards the fire. We soon overtook the woman just mentioned, who had become somewhat pacified. As Ned came along side of her without seeming to notice her, he observed, "Poor Dalby, I see his house is gone." I said so, "she screamed out—"I knew it," and on she went screaming ten times louder than before.

As soon as we reached the fire, a gentleman in military dress rode up and ordered Ned into the line to hand buckets. Ned stepped in, and the first bucket that was handed to him, he raised it very deliberately to his mouth and began to drink. In a few seconds, all on Ned's right were overburdened with buckets, and calling loudly for relief, while those on his left were unemployed. Terrible was the cursing and clamor, and twenty voices at once ordered Ned out of the line. Ned stepped out, and along came the man on horse-back, and ordered him in again. "Captain," said Ned, "I am so thirsty that I can do nothing until I get some water, and they will not let me drink in the line." "Well," said the Captain, "step in, and I'll see that you get a drink." Ned stepped in again, and receiving the first bucket, began to raise it to his lip very slowly, when some one haled to him to pass on the bucket, and he brought it down again, and handed it on. "Why didn't you drink," said the Captain? "Why, dont you see they won't let me?" said Ned. "Don't mind what they say—drink and then go on with your work." Ned took the next bucket and commenced raising it as before, when some one again ordered him to pass on the bucket. "There," said Ned, turning to the Captain, with the bucket half raised, "you hear that?" "Why, blast your eyes," said the Captain, "what do you stop for? Drink on and have

done with it." Ned raised the bucket to his lips and drank. "A'n't you done?" said the Captain, general mutiny and complaint beginning to prevail in the line. "Why ha'n't you drank enough?" said the Captain, becoming extremely impatient. "Most," said Ned, letting out a long breath, and still holding the bucket near his lips. "Zounds and blood!" cried the Captain, "clear yourself—you'll drink an engine full of water." Ned left the ranks, and went to his lodgings, and the rising sun found us on our way homeward.

From the London Monthly Magazine.

The Convict Girl.

"There was one, a Welch girl, not above nineteen. She could not speak a word of English. * * * * She was the most abject of the whole. She used to stand at the gang-way from morning till night looking on the water and crying. She would take nothing but a drink of cold water, or now and then an apple or pear. Owen thinks she came from Braumaris, but forgets what was her crime. She was perfectly quiet."—*Evidence of J. An Owen, Boatman of the Amphitrite, wrecked off Bolong, Aug. 31st.*

My home! my home, my mountain home,
I see the now no more!
My path is now on ocean's foam,
My lullaby its roar;
And parting thus, my home, from thee,
No hope the pang endears—
No voice hath breathed a prayer for me,
Unwept I shed these tears.

Around me crowd strange things of crime,
Pollution meets mine eye,
But not a look of childhood's time—
Nor tone of home is nigh;
And this, aye this, they mercy call
For her who sought a grave;
Homeless they hold me still in thrall—
An outcast, yet a slave!

Dark wave! dark wave, that roll'st in pride
To lash you distant shore,
Oh! bear my spirit on thy tide,
To visit it once more;
If but my tears could there find rest,
In mingling with thy spray;
I'd fling my fondress on thy breast,
And weep this heart away.

But who! thou'rt false as him whose spell
Worked madness in this brain,
Whose love destroyed wher'er it fell—
Whose vengeance sought in vain.
Farewell! I'd sooner trust thy hate,
Mid ocean's wildest swell,
Than trust this love to such a fate;
My mountain home, farewell!

From the London Metropolitan.

The way to be Happy.

Cut your coat according to your cloth, is an old maxim and a wise one; and if people will square their ideas according to their circumstances, how much happier might we all be! If we only would come down a peg or two in our notions, in accordance with our waning fortune, happiness would be within our reach. It is not what we have, or what we have not, which adds or subtracts from our felicity. It is the longing for more than we have, the envying of those who possess that more, and the wish to appear in the world of more consequence than we really are, which destroy our peace of mind, and eventually lead to ruin.

I never witnessed a man submitting to circumstances with good humor and good sense, so remarkably as in my friend Alexander

Willemott. When I first met him since our school days, it was at the close of the war: he had been a large contractor with government for army clothing and accoutrements and was said to have realized an immense fortune, although his accounts were not yet settled.—Indeed, it was said that they were so vast that it would employ the time of six clerks, for two years to examine them, previous to the balance sheet being struck. As I observed, he had been at school with me, and, on my return from the East Indies, I called upon him to renew our old acquaintance, and congratulate him upon his success.

"My dear Reynolds, I am glad to see you. You must come down to Belem Castle, Mrs. Willemott will receive you with pleasure, I'm sure. You shall see my two girls."

I consented. The chaise stopped at a splendid mansion, and I was ushered in by a crowd of liveried servants. Every thing was on the most sumptuous and magnificent scale. Having paid my respects to the lady of the house, I retired to dress, as dinner was nearly ready, it being then half-past seven o'clock. It was eight before we sat down. To an observation that I made expressing a hope that I had not occasioned the dinner to be put off, Willemott replied, "On the contrary, my dear Reynolds, we never sit down until about this hour.—How people can dine at four or five o'clock, I cannot conceive. I could not touch a mouthful."

The dinner was excellent, and I paid it the encomiums which were its due.

"Do not be afraid, my dear fellow—my cook is an *artiste extraordinaire*—a regular *Cordon Bleu*. You may eat any thing without fear of indigestion. How people can live upon the English cookery of the present day I cannot conceive. I seldom dine out for fear of being poisoned. Depend upon it, a good cook lengthens your days, and no price is too great to insure one."

When the ladies retired, being alone, we entered into friendly conversation, I expressed my admiration of his daughters, who certainly were very handsome and elegant girls.

"Very true; they are more than passable," replied he. "We have had many offers, but not such as come up to my expectations.—Baronets are cheap now-a-days, and Irish lords are nothing; I hope to settle them comfortably. We shall see. Try this claret; you will find it excellent, not a headache in a hoghead of it. How people can drink port, I cannot imagine."

The next morning he proposed that I should rattle round the park with him. I acceded, and we set off in a handsome open carriage, with four greys ridden by postillions at a rapid pace. As we were whirling along, he observed, "In town we must, of course, drive but a pair, but in the country I never go out without four horses. There is a spring in four horses which is delightful; it makes your spirits elastic, and you feel that the poor animals are not at hard labor. Rather than not drive four, I would prefer to stay at home."

Our ride was very pleasant, and, in such amusements passed away one of the most pleasant weeks that I ever remembered.—

Willemott was not the least altered—he was as friendly, as sincere, as open hearted, as when a boy at school. I left him, pleased with his prosperity, and acknowledging that he was well deserving of it, although his ideas had assumed such a scale of magnificence.

I went to India when my leave expired, and was absent four years. On my return, I enquired after my friend Willemott, and was told that his circumstances and expectations had been greatly altered. From many causes, such as a change in the government, a demand for economy, and the wording of his contracts, having been differently rendered from what Willemott had supposed their meaning to be, large items had been struck off his balance sheet, and, instead of being a millionaire, he is now a gentleman with a handsome property. Beleri castle had been sold, and he now lived at Richmond, as hospitable as ever, and was considered a great addition to the neighborhood. I took the earliest opportunity of going down to see him.

"O, my dear Reynolds, this is really kind of you to come without invitation. Your room is ready, and bed well aired, for it was slept in three nights ago. Come—Mrs. Willemott will be delighted to see you."

I found the girls still unmarried, but they were yet young. The whole family appeared as contented, and happy, and as friendly as before. We sat down to dinner at six o'clock—the footman and the coachman attended.—The dinner was good, but not by the *artiste extraordinaire*. I praised every thing.

"Yes," replied he, "she is a very good cook; she unites the solidity of the English with the delicacy of the French fare; and, altogether I think it a decided improvement. Jane is quite a treasure." After dinner, he observed, "Of course you know I have sold Beleri Castle, and reduced my establishment. Government have not treated me fairly, but I am at the mercy of commissioners, and a body of men will do that, which as individuals, they would be ashamed of. The fact is, the odium is borne by no one in particular and it is only that sense of shame which keeps us honest, I'm afraid. However, here you see me with a comfortable fortune, and always happy to see my friends, especially my old schoolfellow. Will you take port or claret; the port is very fine, and so is the claret. By the by, do you know—I'll let you into a family secret; Louisa is to be married to a Colonel Willer—an excellent match. It has made us all happy."

The next day we drove out, not in an open carriage as before, but in a chariot, and with a pair of horses.

"These are handsome horses," observed I.

"Yes," replied he, "I am fond of good horses, and as I only keep a pair, I have the best. There is a certain degree of pretension in four horses I do not much like: it appears as if you wished to overtop your neighbors."

I spent a few very pleasant days, and then quitted his hospitable roof. A severe cold, caught that winter, induced me to take the advice of the physicians, and proceeded to the South of France, where I remained two years. On my return, I was informed that Willemott had speculated, and had been unlucky on the

Stock Exchange; that he had left Richmond and was now living at Clapham. The next day I met him near the Exchange.

"Reynolds, I am happy to see you—Thom's son told me that you had come back.—If not better engaged, come down to see me; I will drive you down at four o'clock, if that will suit."

It suited me very well, and at four o'clock I met him, according to appointment, at a very stable over the Iron Bridge. His vehicle was ordered out; it was a phaeton, drawn by two long tail ponies—altogether a very neat concern. We set off at a rapid pace.

"They step out well don't they! We shall be down in plenty of time to put on a pair of shoes by five o'clock which is our dinner time. Late dinners don't agree with me—they produce indigestion. Of course you know Louisa has a little boy."

I did not; but congratulated him.

"Yes; and has now gone out to India with her husband. Mary is also engaged to be married—a very good match—A Mr. Rivers in the law. He has been called to the bar this year and promised well. They will be a little pinched at first, but we must see what we can do for them."

We stopped at a neat row of houses, I forgot the name and, as we drove up, the servant, the only man servant, came out, and took the ponies round to the stable, while the maid received my luggage, and one or two paper bags, containing a few extras for the occasion. I was met with the same warmth as usual by Mrs. Willemott. The house was small, but very neat; the remnants of former grandeur appeared here and there, in one or two little articles favorites of the lady. We sat down at five o'clock to a plain dinner, and were attended by the footman, who had rubbed down the ponies and pulled on his livery.

"A good plain cook is the best thing after all," observed Willemott. "Your fine cooks won't condescend to roast and boil. Will you take some of this sirloin? the under cut is excellent. My dear, give Mr. Reynolds some Yorkshire pudding."

When we were left alone after dinner, Willemott told me very unconcernedly of his losses.

"It was my own fault," said he; "I wished to make up a little sum for the girls, and risking what they would have had, I left them almost penniless. However, we can always command a bottle of port and a beefsteak, and what more in this world can you have? Will you take port or white? I have no claret to offer you."

We finished our port, but I could perceive no difference in Willemott. He was just as happy and cheerful as ever. He drove me to town the next day. During our drive he observed, "I like ponies they are so little trouble; and I prefer them to driving one horse in this vehicle, as I can put my wife and daughter into it. It's selfish to keep a carriage for yourself alone; and one-horse in a four-wheeled double chaise appears like an imposition upon the poor animal."

I went to Scotland, and remained about a year. On my return, I found that my friend

Willemott had again shifted his quarters.—He was at Brighton; and having nothing better to do, I put myself in the "Times," and arrived at the Bedford hotel. It was not until after some inquiry, that I could find out his address. At last I obtained it, in a respectable but not fashionable part of this overgrown town. Willemott received me just as before.

"I have no spare bed to offer you, but you must breakfast and dine with us every day. Our house is small, but it is very comfortable, and Brighton is a very convenient place.—You know Mary is married. A good place in the courts was for sale, and my wife and I agreed to purchase it for Rivers. It has reduced us a little, but they are very comfortable. I have retired from business altogether; in fact, as my daughters are both married, and we have enough to live upon, what can we wish for more? Brighton is very gay and always healthy, and, as for carriage and horses, they are of no use here—there are *flies* at every corner of the streets."

I accepted his invitation to dinner. A parlour-maid waited, but every thing, although very plain, was clean and comfortable.

"I have still a bottle of wine for a friend, Reynolds," said Willemott, after dinner, "but, for my part, I prefer whiskey-toddy. It agrees with me better. Here's to the health of my two girls, God bless them, and success to them in life!"

"My dear Willemott," said I, "I take the liberty of an old friend, but I am so astonished at your philosophy that I cannot help it.—When I call to mind Belem Castle, your large establishment, your luxuries, your French cook, and your stud of cattle, I wonder at your contented state of mind under such a change of circumstances."

"I almost wonder myself, my dear fellow," replied he. "I never could have believed at that time, that I could live happy under such a change of circumstances; but the fact is, that although I have been a contractor, I have a good conscience; then, my wife is an excellent woman, and provided she sees me and her daughters happy, thinks nothing about herself; and further, I have made it a rule as I have been going down hill, to find reasons why I should be thankful, and not discontented. Depend upon it Reynolds, it is not a loss of fortune which will effect your happiness, as long as you have peace and love at home."

I took my leave of Willemott and his wife, with respect as well as regard; convinced that there was no pretended indifference to worldly advantages, that it was not that the grapes were sour, but that he had learned the whole art of happiness, by being contented with what he had, and by cutting his coat according to his cloth.

FREE TRADE TO THE LAWYERS.—A man from the country applied lately to a respectable lawyer for legal advice. After detailing the circumstances of the case, he was asked if he had stated the facts exactly as they occurred. "Yes, sir," replied the applicant, "I have told you the plain truth; you can put the lies to it yourself."

For the Magnolia.

Song of an American in Turkey.

By Gustavus Adolphus Lovelace, Gent.

There's music in the voice of mirth
Now floating on the air;
I see the lovely of the earth—
The innocent and fair,
But ne'er can beauty, gold, or slaves,
Bring happiness to me;
The land where freedom's banner waves
Is far beyond the sea.

The sunbeams ope the buds of spring
Entwining round the bower;
The rose in pride is blossoming,
With each sweet-scented flower.
I leave them for the land that craves—
They lose their sweets on me;
The land where freedom's banner waves
Is far beyond the sea.

Soft sylph-like forms are fitting by,
To fancy's vision dear,
Enchanting with a look, the eye,
With melody, the ear.
But yet my patriot-heart outbraves
Their tenderness for me;
The land where freedom's banner waves
Is far beyond the sea.

Pine Orchard, Feb. 1834.

The possession of riches never bestows the peace which results from not desiring them.

Married,

At Newburgh, on Wednesday evening the 29th of January, by the Rev. Mr. Johnson, Mr. Aikman Spear, to Miss Eliza R. daughter of William G. Hubbel, of this city.

In Hillside, on the 27th ult. by the Rev. Philip Roberts, Jr. Mr. David L. Becker, of Cloverack, to Miss Sally Truesdail, of Hillside.

At Athens, on the 17th inst. by the Rev. Adolphus Rumpf, Mr. John Brown, of Coxsackie, to Mrs. Maria Hardick, of the former place.

Died,

At Greenbush, on the 1st inst. at the residence of her brother-in-law, Mr. William A. Thomas, after a very short illness, Mrs. Catharine, wife of Capt. William H. Folger, of this city, and daughter of Mr. Silas Rand, aged 26.

In the city of New-York, on Wednesday last; Mrs. Jane Osborn, wife of Mr. Homer P. Osborn, and sister of Mr. Charles McArthur, of this city, in the 27th year of her age.

In this city, on Sunday morning, the 26th inst. of palsy, Mrs. Elizabeth Barnard, relic of the late Capt. Enoch Barnard, aged fifty years and one month. Shel lingered seventy-one days without the power of swallowing, during which time she experienced much distress, all of which she bore with christian fortitude and unexampled patience.

In this city, on the 26th inst. Mr. Asaiah Cheesney, aged 24 years.

THE MAGNOLIA.

Hudson, Saturday February 8, 1834.

PARLEY'S MAGAZINE.—We again call the attention of our readers to this valuable work. During the short period it has been in existence, its subscribers have increased to 20,000. The easy and familiar style in which its several articles are written, brings it within the capacity of young pupils, who are at once amused and instructed in various branches of history, philosophy, art and sciences without the use of those coercives which are necessary to drive them through the insipid routine of study, dishearten the pupil and give him a distaste for reading or study. We would advise all those who are interested in the instruction of their children to subscribe without delay. Subscription price one dollar.

MAJOR JACK DOWNING'S MAGAZINE.—We acknowledge the receipt of the first number of this periodical. The demand for the letters of Jack Downing, has induced the publishers to issue them in the form of a Magazine, in eight parts, of thirty-six pages each, containing eleven engravings. The work is written in true yankee style, and calculated to afford a good deal of fun to those who are fond of original drollery and sarcastic wit. The work is published in Boston, by Lilly Wait & Co. at the low price of one dollar.

For the Magnolia.

Mutability.

It is written upon every thing—upon the symmetrical grandeur of art, and upon the fierce sublimity of nature—'tis written upon the gorgeous and splendid palace of the prince, and upon the squalid and miserable hut of the beggar; wherever we turn our eyes we find it pointing out to us its silent but forcible moral. We can find it graven upon the huge mountain which towers aloft, high above the clouds, till it seems to peer even into the gates of heaven itself, and upon the little mole-hill sleeping quietly at its base. We can trace its finger upon the pyramids; and the hundred gates of Thebes bear a melancholy witness to its resistless sway.—“Troy lives bpt in song,” and the seven-hill’d metropolis of the world, which arrogated to itself the title of the *Eternal City*, presents to us now but the shadow of its former greatness. The palaces of the Caesars are now occupied by the bigoted head of a corrupt and

decaying religion. Fame, too, howe submissive to its mandate, like the sound of the bugle, first comes clear and loud upon the ear, and then gradually dies away in the distance, till its voice is heard no more for ever. And Irving, Cooper, Paulding, Bryant, and Halleck, who are now the pride and boast of our national literature, will, as new actors come on and pass off the stage of existence, be less and less known, until their very names shall be lost in the obscurity of ages. 'Tis a mortifying reflection, but the no less true for its unpleasantness. The history of past ages warrant us in making the assertion, and God has himself said, that “Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall endure for ever.”

PYTHIAS.

For the Magnolia.

Although the days of ghosts, goblins, and witches are passed away, and only remembered to be laughed at, nevertheless, a story from the reminiscence of olden times, when ghosts were permitted to play their gambols in the darkness of the midnight hour, and were of more service than the whip in frightening refractory and obstinate urchins into their duty, and to their homes at a seasonable hour, may afford a moment’s amusement, and show us “what kind of stuff” ghosts generally were made of.

In those days, when the existence of ghosts was as much believed in as the existence of the Divine Being, and when it was considered as criminal and presumptuous to deny their existence as to deny the authenticity of the Bible, a young sailor, engaged in one of the coal-ships, employed in carrying coal from the harbor of Shields, or from Newcastle on the River Tyne, to London, was paying his devoirs, or in common parlance, was courting a buxom country girl, a farmer’s daughter, living on a farm, five or six miles from Shields. The nearest way to the farm was by a foot-path which crossed the fields, and over stiles built in the fences for the accommodation of foot-passengers. This path also lead across a lonesome heath, or moor, about half a mile in extent, covered with furze; and on this moor, near the path, was the ruins of an old house in which, according to tradition, murder had been committed, in consequence of which, the ghost of the murdered had driven every tenant from the house, and still continued its nightly vigils over the ruins. Hundreds had seen the ghost at various times, and in almost every shape the human imagination could invent. Indeed, any person who had the

timidity to pass the ruins at "that dread hour of night when ghosts appear" would be sure to see it.

It so happened that our young sailor had made his mistress a visit; and expecting to sail early the next morning, he took his leave late in the evening, and set out on his return. It was one of those cloudy, disagreeable nights which are frequent in the North of England during the winter months, attended with showers of hail and rain, with every now and then the moon, when it was above the horizon, peeping from between the clouds, rendering the succeeding darkness more dismal.

The hero of our story had proceeded but a short distance, when he began to think about the ghost. However bold and fearless he might be on the ocean, he had no desire to grapple with a ghost. As he drew near to the old ruins his fears increased, and he strained his eyes towards them in the expectation of seeing the ghost. Suddenly the moon emerged from a cloud, and for a few moments presented to his view the old building, and at the corner appeared something white. Our sailor's courage began to flag—he stopped and consulted with himself what he should do. To return to the farm-house was his first intention; but if he did, he would be laughed at for a coward—he had too much pride for this. He therefore determined, come what would, to proceed. He gathered up the folds of his surtout under his arm for a run, and went on, keeping his eyes fixed upon the object standing under the lee of the house. As he approached, it grew larger and larger, until it exceeded in size any animal he had ever seen. Its eyes were as big as the crown of his hat, and its mouth was sufficiently large to take in a common-sized man. Our hero's hair stood straight on his head, the sweat began to roll from his forehead, and having approached sufficiently near the object of his terror, he took a sudden start to pass the ruins at full speed.

Scarcely had he passed the house when he heard something running behind him. He cast a hasty glance over his shoulder, when to his astonishment, he beheld the terrible monster behind, with its enormous jaws wide open ready to swallow him. He strained every nerve to quicken his speed, but the faster he ran, the faster ran the ghost. At length his eye caught a view of the stile which led over into the cultivated field, and he indulged the hope that if he could clear the stile before he was swallowed by the ghost, he should escape. On nearing the stile, he attempted to clear it

by a single leap; but his foot slipped, and he fell backwards on the side of the moor. Before he could recover himself, the object of his fright came up and stood by his side. It was a poor harmless sheep, that had strayed from the flock, had taken shelter from the storm under the lee of the old house, and on seeing him pass, had followed to obtain succour and shelter. "Now, was it not too bad," said the Captain, for at the time he told me the story, our hero commanded a fine ship in the coal trade—"was it not too bad to be so frightened by a sheep, and to be deprived of telling as good a ghost story as ever was related. For if I could have cleared the stile, the poor sheep could not have followed me, I should have told a most marvellous story, and been a confirmed believer in ghosts all the days of my life."

H

For the Magnolia.

Meditations on a Cradle.

There thou standest, with thy yet undecayed wickerwork, a touching remnant of the past. Thou hast held by turns every male and female descendant of this house, and now that thy usefulness is no more needed, thou art placed in this bedchamber to rest from thy labors.

I look upon thy canopy with pleasure.—How many an infant head has it sheltered! Beneath it lay the fair cheek; and from their half opened lids, bright eyes gazed wonderfully at its lattices. Here has the brain received the first visitings of thought—here has the principle which makes us immortal germinated, and here has the soul fixed its tabernacle. Here too have the passions employed their physical organs in their manifestation, and shewn how early and how powerfully do the elements of our moral nature operate. And thou hast sheltered the innocent and beautiful, who, while rocked in thee had never known sin. Their hearts were unsinted by its poison; and conscience emitting her morning rays, was as yet undarkened by habitual vice. Ah! sin never enters the cradle. It is beyond his influence; or else the cruel monster hesitates to blight the bud that he may blast the flower. Beyond its guarded precincts he lurks like a foul assassin; and when time leads the infant forth, he darts from his hiding place, and hurls a shower of arrows upon his victim, and the child's beauty, like it's innocence passes. Care steals the rose from his cheek, and the joyousness from his life; and age breaks the silver cord, and makes the grasshopper a burthen.

J.

Mountains.

How glorious are the towering mountains,
The lofty ramparts of the earth,
From whose企ing swelling fountains,
The noblest rivers have their birth.

Their frame-work is the mighty rocks—
Those heaven-cemented walls of stone,
That long have stood the tempest's shocks,
And still shall stand when we are gone.

Their tops are crowned with dazzling snow,
Or summer's lively robe of green;
Down from their sides what torrents flow,
And glisten in the morning sheen!

How beautiful the dark-green woods
That stretch along their rugged sides!
How awful are their solitudes,
Where silence still and deep abides!

How rich the purple fields of heath,
That clothe my native Brota's hills!
How sweet the evening's fragrant breath,
Where shine a thousand bounding rills!

How fair the countless flowers that bloom,
Among the cloud-cap Pyrenees!
How mild and pleasing their perfume,
That floats afloat on Gallia's breeze!

The mighty Alps and Appenines,
Who can their varied grandeur tell?
Their deep ravines, their lofty pines,
Their craggy rocks where eagles dwell!

How grand Himmola's summits high,
Where mortal feet have never trod,
And Andean peaks that pierce the sky,
Where strong-wing'd condors make abode!

How lovely are the snowy clouds
That hover round the mountain's hear!
How dreadful is the gloom that shrouds
Their ridge rough when thunders roar!

While ramming o'er his sunny isles,
The Grecian free delights to tell
Of mountainous strait, where Persian files
Lie dead when Sparta's chieftain fell.

The Highlander, at noon tide's glow,
While sitting in his sheltering lone,
With pride beholds those hills of snow,
Where Roman warriors were o'erthrown.

While looking from his native cot,
Among the Tyrol mountains high,
The shepherd points unto the spot
Where Hofer battled gallantly.

The Switzer by his happy hearth,
Awakes the song his soul inspires,
Proud of the land that gave him birth,
The mountains of his patriot sire.

Still sacred be those rugged heights
Where fought the brave and generous Tell,
Who struggled for his country's rights.
While mail-clad warriors round him fell.

Still dear shall be those mountain piles
Where dwell the fearless and the free,
That raise their tops like rocky isles,
The blessed house of Liberty!

The Flute Player.

A TALE.

“Oh blessed with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day!
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or if she rules him never shows she rules;
Charm by accepting, by submitting always,
Yet has her humor most when she obeys.”

Pope.

Harry Jones was one of the smartest young men of the village in which he was born. His parents were industrious and contented; and he himself was of that active and cheerful disposition which derives a pleasure from

habitual employment, and requires no excitement of vice or folly in the hours of leisure.—Harry Jones was by trade a cabinet-maker.—He was a skilful and ingenious workman, and his master delighted to exhibit the tables and drawers which Harry manufactured as the best specimens of his workshop. He lived in a small town to which the refinement of large societies was almost entirely unknown. On a Summer evening he might be distinguished on a neighbouring green as the best bowler at cricket; and at the annual revel he could try fall with any lad of the surrounding villages. But his chief delight was his proficiency as a flute player. He made himself master of the newest country-dances; and occasionally astonished his friends with some more elaborate piece of harmony, which required considerable science and taste in its execution. He was a distinguished member of the band of volunteer performers at his parish church; and had several times received the praises of the clergyman for the skill with which he regulated the less practiced abilities of his companions. All these recreations were in themselves innocent; and Harry Jones had sufficient sense and virtue not to permit them to divert his attention from the duties of his occupation, nor to make him forget that life had more important objects than the pursuit even of a sinless amusement.

By industry and frugality, Harry at the age of five and twenty, had saved a little money. His master was kind and liberal towards him, and having himself other occupations to attend to, resigned his little interest as a cabinet-maker to the hero of our story. Harry became, if possible more assiduous; he did not want friends and customers, and there was a particular object which gave an additional spur to his industry; he naturally and properly desired a wife as soon as he had acquired the means of maintaining one. In a neighboring village he had formed an acquaintance with a young woman, who possessed those excellencies which strongly recommend themselves to the prudent part of his character. Her parents were honest and pious people, who had brought up their daughter with the strictest attention to economy, and with those habits of regularity which assign to every duty an exact time and place for its fulfillment.—These habits of order and punctuality had become a second nature to Martha. She would not allow herself to deviate from the prescribed path, nor could she endure any deviation in those by whom she was surrounded. She had a sincere and affectionate heart; but this precision had given something of coldness and formality to her character. Harry, with the fondness of a lover's eye, saw every thing to admire; he considered that her seriousness would properly regulate his cheerfulness, and that the strict discipline which she exercised over her own actions would control his inclination for hasty and various modes of occupation. He was satisfied that he could not make a more prudent choice, and the world thought so also. They married.

At the end of the first fortnight after their union, Harry sat down by his evening fireside exceedingly fatigued; he felt incapable of ex-

ertion, and remained for some time listless and dispirited. Martha began to read aloud from a serious book; but she did not choose the most favorable moment for making a proper impression; Harry yawned and almost fell asleep. Martha laid down her book, and recommended him to look over his accounts: with every disposition to do right and oblige his wife, Harry felt that the labors of the day were past. He thought of his flute. The sense of fatigue was at once forgotten, as he placed his old book of tunes before him. He played his briskest jigs—but Martha did not beat time: he tried his most pathetic airs—but Martha remained unmoved. He discovered to his mortification that his wife did not love music.

The next evening Harry did not forget the recreation of his flute; he played in his very best style, and he appealed to Martha for encouragement and approbation. Her praise was of a very negative quality. Sunday came, and Harry, as usual, took his place in the music gallery; he put forth all his powers, and exercised no common address to make his associates play in tune. As they walked home he ventured to ask Martha what she thought of their little band. She answered in a tone between indifference and contempt. His pride was hurt, and he determined to say no more upon the subject.

The flute continued to be produced every evening and Harry ceased to expect the praise or to seek the attention of his wife. But even this indifference did not long continue. On one occasion he observed something like a frown upon her brow; on another he heard a pettish expression pronounced in a whispered tone. At length hostility was openly declared against the flute; and Martha wondered how a man of any sense could waste his time, and annoy his family, by such a stupid pursuit.

Harry bore this exceedingly well; for the love of his wife came to the aid of his natural good temper. He locked up the flute. But he was disappointed in expecting that Martha would offer him any substitute for his favorite amusement after his hours of labor. Her notions were those of rigid and unsparing industry. She was never tired of her domestic occupations, and she could not understand how a man who had his living to get could ever tire in the pursuit of his calling. When the hour of work was over, Harry sat down in his little parlor,—but his wife was seldom with him. It was true that the boards of his house were cleaner than the floor of any of his neighbors;—that the saucepans of his kitchen shone with a brightness which all the good-housewives of the parish envied;—and not a cinder deformed the neatness of his hearth without calling forth the brush and the shovel for its instant removal. But then it was also true that he sometimes caught cold at his dinner-hour, from the wetness which the floor acquired from the indefatigable cleanliness of his mate; that he sometimes made a fatal error when he forgot to clean his shoes before he crossed the sanded threshold; that while his wife was rubbing the skillets into looking-glasses, he was desirous of the

conversation of a friend and companion; and that his well-swept hearth had no charms for his eyes while he was left alone to enjoy its neatness. He was debarred too of his favorite flute; what wonder then if he sometimes said in his heart, “ why did I marry ? ”

It was at this juncture that Harry met with an old companion who had something of the vivacity, but nothing of the goodness which he himself possessed. Harry appeared uneasy and dispirited; the cause of his discomfort was at length communicated. His companion told him with the common cant of libertines, that the way to make wives amiable was to neglect them;—that his home was uncomfortable because he appeared too good of it; and that he might find society where his merits would be properly rated. Harry was persuaded to fetch his flute, to spend the evening at a neighboring ale-house.

The harmless vanity that had been so long pent up, now broke forth beyond its natural boundaries. Harry played well, and he played to a late hour, for he was flattered and caressed. On his return home, Martha was angry, and he was sullen.

The next night brought with it the same temptation. What was intended to be a rare indulgence at length became a confirmed habit. The public-house could not be frequented without expense; and late hours could not be kept without diminishing the capacity for the performance of ordinary duties. Harry, too, acquired the practice of drinking freely; and as his mind was ill at ease, the morning draught often succeeded to the evening's intoxication. He was not as before seen constantly at his workshop, to receive orders with good temper, and to execute them with alacrity. He was not distinguished for the brightest shoes and cleanest apron of any mechanie in the town; his habits were idle and his garb was slovenly. He slunk away from public observation, to bury himself in the haunts of drunkenness and profligacy. As his business failed he made to himself pretences for employment in vagabond parties of anglers or lark-shooters. One by one every article of furniture was pawned for present support. The fatal flute was the last thing consigned to the grasp of the money-lender.

Martha did not want sense. She reflected deeply upon the causes of their misery; and she at length perceived the error which she had committed in opposing her own fixed habits to the equally confirmed inclinations of her husband. She took her resolution. Honestly and impartially she stated her distresses and the cause of them to the vicar of the parish. He was a pious, sensible, and a charitable pastor. He pointed out to her what she herself at length acknowledged, that a small portion of time devoted to an innocent amusement is not incompatible with the more serious duties of a citizen and a christian; and that the engagements of the most lowly might afford some leisure for cheerful relaxation; and that religion did not require a course of intense exertion and unbending gravity. The worthy clergyman furnished Martha the means of realizing a plan which her own judgment had devised.

Martha expended the good pastor's friendly loan in procuring the restoration of their furniture; but she did not as yet bring it home. Her husband had one evening returned without intoxication, and a temper which promised the succeeding day to be one of industry. She exerted herself to accomplish her plan at this favorable moment. Before the next evening arrived her cottage was once more neat and comfortable; and the flute which she had also redeemed, lay upon the table. Harry came in dejected, but his dejection became astonishment as Martha threw her arms around him and pointed to the indications of their future happiness. She confessed the error which had been the original cause of their misery. He felt her generosity, and with bitter tears made a vow of amendment. He was too much affected to take up his flute that evening; but on the next, his wife pressed it upon him. She listened to his performance—she strove to fancy that she had a taste for music; she praised him. By this effort of kindness on one part, mutual kindness took place of mutual discomfort. The hour of flute-playing was succeeded by the hour of serious meditation on the divine commands, and of humble prayer before the throne of grace. Their tastes and their pursuits gradually became assimilated. A timely concession saved Martha from hopeless misery, and a timely reformation saved Harry from the wretched life and the miserable death of a vagabond and a drunkard.

From the Albany Daily Advertiser.

Pay the Printer.

“Air—“I’ve been running.”

Here comes winter—here comes winter,
Storms of hail and snow, and sheet—
Pay the Printer—pay the Printer—
Let him warm his hands and feet.
Here comes winter—here comes winter,
Whitening every hill and dale.
Pay the Printer—pay the Printer,
Send your money by the mail.
Pay the Printer—pay the Printer,
All remember him just due,
In cold winter—in cold winter,
He wants cash as well as you.

Here comes winter, &c.

Merry winter—merry winter
It will be, if all do right—
Pay the printer—pay the Printer—
Do the thing that is polite.
Happy winter—happy winter—
Hark! the jingling of the bells!
To the Printer—is the Printer,
What and tales their music tells.
Ah, poor Printer! ah, poor Printer!
Your subscribers frolic all,
In the winter—in the winter,
But ne’er think of you at all.

Pay the Printer, &c.

From the Leeds Mercury.

Dialogue between Capt. Ross and Capt. Humphreys.

Capt. R.—I have been thinking, Humphreys, what Lord Melville, and Croker, and my old enemy, Barrow, will say to my discoveries. I have prepared despatches for the Admiralty at least ten times, sealed them firmly, and enclosed them in a small wooden box, in the hope that they might be found if I perished.

Capt. H.—Lord Melville and Croker are

out long since. Sir James Graham is First Lord now.

Capt. R.—What Sir James Graham? Of course it is not the radical member for Cumberland who makes the motions about sinecures.

Capt. H.—The very same, and as stingy in office as he was snarling out. Even the king, though so fond of the service, can’t stop his prying and lopping.

Capt. R.—The king! why I thought he preferred the army, and neglected the navy.

Capt. H.—Ah! I forgot to tell you, Old George has gone. We’ve now William IV, The Duke of Clarence that was.

Capt. R.—Indeed! What sort of a king does he make? Is he a strict disciplinarian? I hope he has not infringed on the liberties of the people, nor ordered Brougham and Denman, who abused him so at the Queen’s trial, to be strung up at the yard arm? Why, what a horrible renegade Sir James Graham must be? I wonder the Duke would take him in.

Capt. H.—The Duke! Brougham! and Denman! Renegade! strict disciplinarian! Ah! my good fellow, you are a thousand leagues out of your reckoning; we’ve changed the poles of the earth since you left us.

Capt. R.—I hope you have not had a revolution?

Capt. H.—Oh no, but we’ve had reform.

Capt. R.—What? has Lord John Russell carried his motion to give members to Manchester, Leeds, and Birmingham? Did the Duke and Peel consent?

Capt. H.—The Duke has been out three years since. Earl Grey and the Whigs are now in office.

Capt. R.—You make game of me. Why what has become of the Tory majorities of parliament?

Capt. H.—Reduced to a miserable minority in the Commons, and kept in decent order in the Lords. All the large towns have representatives. The rotten boroughs are annihilated. The king turned Reformer, and then it was up with the Tories. The Reformed Parliament has emancipated the West India slaves, opened the China trade and Reformed the Irish Church.

Capt. R.—You tell me of miracles. Pray have the Whigs found out a way to pay off the National Debt?

Capt. H.—No, that and the North-West Passage will be discovered together.

Capt. R.—But tell me, has the king forgiven Brougham and Denman?

Capt. H.—Judge for yourself, the first is a Lord, and keeps the king’s conscience; the second is Lord Chief Justice of the King’s Bench.

Capt. R.—Good Humphreys! tell me next, do people walk on their hands or their feet now in England?

Capt. H.—The fashion had not changed in that respect when I sailed; but what think you of their travelling at the rate of thirty knots an hour—a hundred people or so drawn by one engine!

Capt. R.—Now, Humphreys, don’t bounce, no tricks upon travellers, you, at home, are turning Munchausens now.

Capt. H.—As I live, it's true; the Duke of Orleans went the other day from Liverpool to Manchester in an hour and five minutes.

Capt. R.—The Duke of Orleans! I hope the French have not invaded us; yet old Charles X. must have hated the English Reformation.

Capt. H.—To be sure he did; he was running us fast as possible the other way, that is, towards pure despotism; so the French cap-sized him, and put his cousin the Duke of Orleans at the helm. They call him Louis Philippe, and he makes a moderately good king, and keeps the French quiet, though the Liberals say he does not go far enough. His daughter married Leopold.

Capt. R.—Prince Leopold, you mean; do they live in England then?

Capt. H.—Prince Leopold! No, lack-a-day, one has to teach you the whole alphabet over again. King Leopold—king of Belgium; that is a new kingdom sprung up, separated from Holland; the Belgians did not like playing the second fiddle to the Dutchman, so they mutinied, and chose a captain of their own, and they've got our Prince Leopold.

Capt. R.—And what said the Holy Alliance to that?

Capt. H.—Said! Why, Nic was beginning to be saucy, and talked of sending an army to France; but the Poles revolted, and it took a twelvemonth to kick them; they fought like lions, but what signifies that when they were surrounded by such a set of devils? At last Nic got them down, and then he cut their throats. As to Austria and Prussia, they did not like the looks of things, as the Frenchmen were clearing for action, and calling all hands on deck. So they thought it better to shear off.

Capt. R.—You take my breath. I can't receive all this at once, and I fear your bounding Humphreys, or else the world has turned topsy-turvy, whilst I have been locked up in ice these four years, almost as fast as a toad in a block of freestone. I thought if any body had climbed to the top of the tree in England, it would have been Huskisson.

Capt. H.—Poor Huskisson! he's gone; he was run down by an engine at the opening of the Liverpool railway, and killed.

Capt. R.—Horrible! I am almost afraid to ask who is alive. But tell me, how is my old neighbor—, and his daughter, a pretty little girl just left school.

Capt. H.—Little girl? She is Mrs.— and has a fine boy a year old.

Capt. R.—You don't say so: the chit!— Well, I see the world's going on the old principle still; but every thing seems to be done quicker in England than it used to be. What is Walter Scott's last tale?

Capt. H.—Ah! he has told his last; we have got to the *Finis*; the bright star has set. But I have news for you—the course of the Niger has been discovered.

Capt. R.—Who was the lucky man?

Capt. H.—Two young chaps called Lander one of them was the attendant of poor Claperton. They are well-behaved steady lads, and they have done what so many fine fellows perished in attempting. They have traced the river to the Bight of Benin. One of

them has gone out, again, and it will be well if the dysentary does not catch him this time.

Capt. R.—(sighing) I was not born under so fortunate a star. But I have done what man could do, and suffered more than most. Even Barrow will confess that.

Capt. H.—Every body will confess that.— Cheer up, man, you have solved the problem one way at least: you could not find a passage where there was none. Four winters in the ice is what no man ever endured before. The world will give you every credit for bravery, perseverance and skill, not to be outdone.

Capt. R.—Do you think so!

Nothing is so mortifying to the fine skin of vanity as the application of a rough truth.

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